#12
MATURE READERS
PETER BAGGE'S
$2.95 IN CANADA
$2.50
HATE
FOOD GIANT
SLAUGHTER-HOUSE 5
BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS
CATS CRADLE
THE SIRENS OF TITAN
ARCADE
FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

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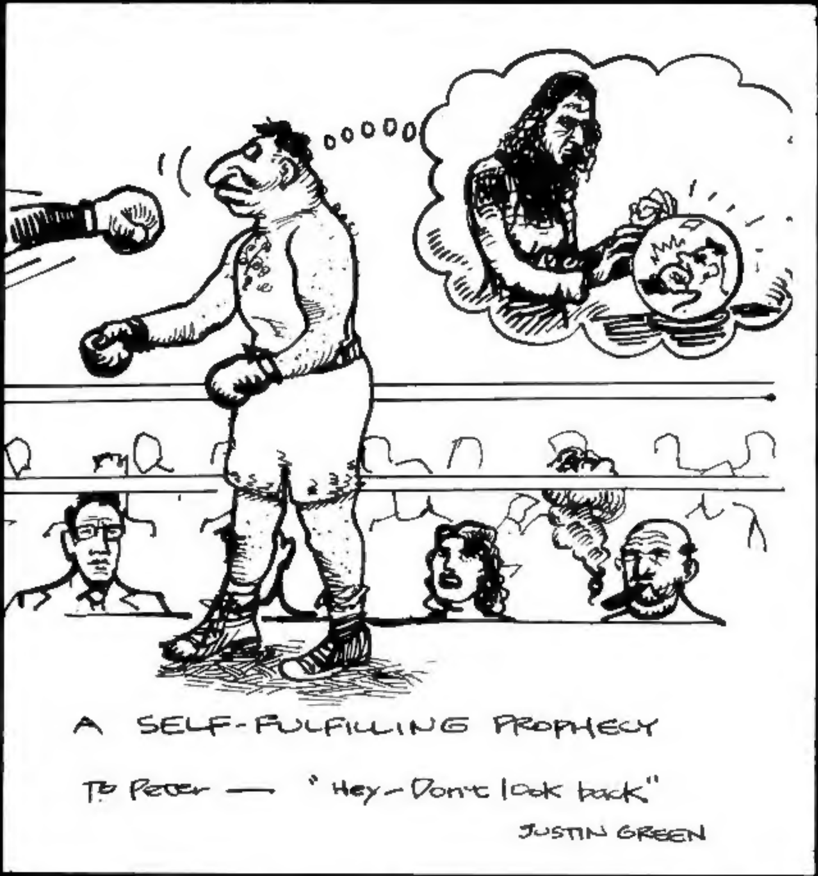

EDITORIAL • ONCE AGAIN I'VE COME UP SHORT OF THINGS TO SAY — OH, I COULD START RANTING AND RAVING ABOUT *SOMETHING*, BUT ONCE I GET STARTED IT'S HARD TO STOP. IT'S A *PROBLEM* I HAVE — SO I'LL JUST PRESENT YOU WITH MY USUAL LIST OF RECOMMENDED READING. FIRST OFF, FROM THOSE FINE, FUN FOLKS AT FANTAGRAPHICS (YES, THIS IS VERY INCESTUOUS), WE HAVE *COSMIC RETRIBUTION*, A HANDSOME COLLECTION OF INTENSE, PERSONAL, POWERFUL PAINTINGS, COMICS, AND DRAWINGS BY THE TORTURED SOUL OF JOE COLEMAN. CO-EDITED AND CO-PUBLISHED BY ADAM PARFREY, THIS WONDERFUL BOOK IS THE PERFECT GIFT IDEA FOR SOMEONE WHO NEEDS TO KNOW THERE'S SOMEONE OUT THERE WHO'S GOT BIGGER PROBLEMS THAN THEY DO. . .*THE BOOK OF JIM* IS ANOTHER AMAZING SQUARE-BOUND COLLECTION OF COMIX AND ART BY THE EQUALLY TALENTED JIM WOODRING, MOSTLY REPRINTED FROM HIS LATE, LAMENTED *JIM* SERIES. . .*DUPLEX PLANET ILLUSTRATED* IS A NEW ANTHOLOGY BASED ON THE WRITINGS AND RAMBLINGS OF VARIOUS OLD-FOLKS-WHO-SAY-THE-DARNDEST-THINGS. COMPILED AND EDITED BY DAVID GREENBERGER, NATCH, WITH AN IMPRESSIVE LIST OF FAN FAVES AS CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS, INCLUDING DOUG ALLEN AND GARY LEIB, WHOSE NEW TITLE *IDIOTLAND* IS A PERVERSE DELIGHT. JUDGING FROM THE ARTWORK, THESE TWO GUYS MUST HAVE PROBLEMS, ONLY I'M TALKIN' 'BOUT THE *GOOD* KIND OF PROBLEMS, THE KIND WE *ALL* SHOULD HAVE! . . . MEANWHILE, THE *PICK HIT* OF THE MONTH (DRUM ROLL, PLEASE) IS *I CAN'T TELL YOU ANYTHING*, AN IMPRESSIVE COLLECTION OF STORIES BY MICHAEL DOUGAN, A MAN WHO WORKS OUT HIS PROBLEMS IN THE MOST CREATIVE OF WAYS. PUBLISHED BY PENGUIN, THIS BOOK OUGHT TO BE AVAILABLE EVEN IN "REAL" BOOKSTORES. "THE DOOG" JUST KEEPS GETTING BETTER ALL THE TIME, AND HE DESERVES YOUR MONEY BECAUSE OF IT. . . PLUS MY PICK HIT FANZINE OF THE MONTH IS *BLUE PERSUASION*, BY AARON LEE, COMPLETE WITH AN ARTICLE ON BRAIN DEAD PORN STAR JERRY BUTLER, AND AN INTERVIEW WITH TWO REDNECK INBRED PUNK ROCK SIBLINGS! ($3.00 TO: 603 MAIN STREET, LEXINGTON, KY 40508). . .SOME COMIC BOOK TITLES YOU'LL PROBABLY HAVE TO ORDER BY MAIL — BUT ARE WORTH IT — ARE: *OPTIC NERVE* BY ADRIAN TOMINE (FIVE ISSUES, $1.50 EACH, BOX 660781, SAC'O, CA 95866). "THIS-IS-MY-LI'L-LIFE" AUTO-BIO BITZ O' BIZNIZ, VERY NICELY TOLD. . .*MOKO*, A FREE ADZINE FEATURING THE WORK OF AN IMPRESSIVE ARRAY OF YOUNG, TALENTED AUSTIN-BASED CARTOONISTS, PROVING THAT AUSTIN IS *STILL* A HOTBED OF CARTOONIN' TALENT, AS IT HAS BEEN SINCE THE VERY *BEGINNING* OF U.G. KOMIXXX. SEND A BUCK FOR POSTAGE TO: TEXAS UNION #398, BOX 738, AUSTIN, TX 78713. . .*GIRL FRENZY* IS A WELL-DONE COLLECTION OF COMICS AND STORIES BY A LENGTHY LIST OF ALL-FEMALE CONTRIBUTORS. ALMOST EVERYTHING IN HERE IS SOAKED WITH A HEAVY, *HEAVY* DOSE OF "FEMINIST" THEORY AND ATTITUDE, WHICH ALWAYS MAKES FOR AN INTENSELY FASCINATING AND INTENSELY *IRRITATING* READ. ISSUE #3 IS AVAILABLE C/O BM SENIOR, LONDON, WC1N-3XX, U.K. $4.00 SHOULD COVER EVERYTHING, BUT I'M NOT SURE IF THEY CAN ACCEPT U.S. OR CANADIAN MONEY, SO WRITE FIRST. . . AND FINALLY, WHEN SAM HENDERSON ISN'T MAKING LIFE MISERABLE FOR POOR OLD SCOTT RUSSO, HE'S PUTTING OUT TONS OF VERY FUNNY MINI-COMICS — *TOO* MANY TO LIST HERE, SO JUST SEND SOME MONEY TO: BOX 2657, NYC, NY 10185, AND WAIT FOR THE LAFFS TO ARRIVE. . . OH, AND THAT REMINDS ME — CHECK OUT THE LATEST AND *LAST* ISSUE OF *JIZZ* (#10), IN WHICH MSSRS. RUSSO AND J. WONG ATTEMPT TO MAKE LIFE MISERABLE FOR ALL THE *DRAWN + QUARTERLY* CARTOONISTS. WHAT *PROBLEMS* ALL THESE "ALTERNATIVE" COMIC ARTISTS HAVE. YOU'D NEVER KNOW WE WERE IN SUCH A *LOW-STAKES* BUSINESS, THE WAY THEY CARRY ON SO, GOD LOVE 'EM! 'TIL NEXT TIME! • —P.B.

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A DAY IN THE LIFE OF...
COLLECTOR SCUM!
STARRING "BUDDY BRADLEY" BY PETER BAGGE ©1993
MAN, THIS SUCKS! WE HAVEN'T MADE ONE RED CENT YET!
YEAH, WELL, THE WORST PART OF MANNING ONE OF THESE TABLES IS WAITING OUT THE LONG DRY SPELLS...
PRICE GUIDE
PRICE GUIDE
SOX
JUST YOU WAIT, WE'LL PROBABLY MAKE A TON OF MONEY ALL AT ONCE...YOU'LL SEE...
ALL I KNOW IS WE BETTER SELL SOMETHING SOON OR I'LL START CRYING...
...OH LOOK, THERE'S PHIL! MAYBE HE'LL BUY SOMETHING FROM US...
...OH PHIL!
HUH...I DIDN'T KNOW HE CAME TO THESE THINGS...
AND LOOK AT THAT GIRL HE'S WITH... YIKES!

OH, HI, YOU GUYS! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD A TABLE!
...GETTING RID OF SOME OLD, UNWANTED STUFF, BUDDY?
TRYING TO, ANYWAY...
JOE BLOW'S COMIC SHOP
WOW, LISA! YOU LOOK GREAT! ALL DRESSED UP FOR THE CON, HUH?
I GUESS...
TEE-HEE!
OH, THIS IS MY FRIEND IMELDA...
HI! YA WANNA SEE WHAT WE FOUND?
SURE...
"IMELDA"—SHEESH! WHY DO SO MANY WOMEN IN THIS TOWN HAVE FAKE NAMES?
IT'S AN OLD PARTRIDGE FAMILY COMIC BOOK! CAN YOU DIG IT?
..SOMEONE DREW SEX ORGANS ALL OVER IT, SO WE GOT IT FOR ONLY 25 CENTS!
PARTRIDGE FAMILY
...IF YOU ASK ME IT'S AN IMPROVEMENT...
VERY IMPRESSIVE...
..OH, WOW! YOU'VE GOT OLD TIGER BEAT MAGAZINES!
COOL... DO YOU HAVE ANY FROM, LIKE, THE EARLY TO MID-SEVENTIES?
A FEW, THOUGH MOST OF THESE ARE FROM THE LATE SIXTIES...
HERE, I'LL TAKE THIS ONE... I LIKE TO BEAT OFF TO PICTURES OF ERIC ESTRADA...
OOH, AND THIS ONE HAS THE BRADY BUNCH FROM THEIR "HIPPY" PERIOD...
THE SEVENTIES, LIKE, TOTALLY FUCKING RULE, MAN!
HOW MUCH?
THOSE ARE TWO BUCKS EACH...
THEY'RE A BARGAIN AT ANY PRICE...
WE'RE GONNA POKE AROUND A BIT MORE, AND IF WE HAVE ANY MONEY LEFT WE'LL BE BACK FOR THE REST OF THOSE MAGAZINES...
BYE, PHIL!
LATER...
SEE YA!

HMMM... I WONDER IF THAT "IMELDA" BROAD IS PHIL'S GIRL-FRIEND...
?!? WHAT?!? OH, GET REAL, LISA! DIDN'T YOU JUST HEAR HIM SAY HE LIKES TO SPILL HIS JUICE OVER ERIC ESTRADA?
IF SHE IS I HATE HER...
HEY, WHAT IS THIS? I THOUGHT I WAS YOUR BOYFRIEND! WHAT ARE YOU PINING AFTER THAT GUY FOR?
SO? THAT DOESN'T NECESSARILY MEAN ANY-THING...
WHAT'S IT TO YOU, ANY-WAY? IT'S NO SKIN OFF YOUR NOSE...
OH, LEAVE ME ALONE! I CAN INDULGE IN MY OWN HARMLESS LITTLE FANTASIES IF I WANT TO!
OKAY! OKAY! YEESH!
SIGH... DID YOU NOTICE HOW SICKLY AND EMACIATED LOOKING PHIL HAS BECOME?
...HE JUST GETS MORE BEAUTIFUL ALL THE TIME...
I-YI-YI...
...SCUSE ME, LADY, BUT HOW MUCH FOR THIS COMPLETE SET OF "DINOSAUR ATTACK" CARDS?
HUH? OH, I DON'T KNOW...
THOSE ARE $150.00.
ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS?!?!? THAT'S A LOT OF MONEY...
IT'S A COMPLETE SET, KID...YOU'D BE LUCKY TO FIND THAT AT ANY PRICE...
YEAH, BUT I DON'T HAVE $150.00... I'M JUST A HIGH SCHOOL KID!
...I THOUGHT THEY'D BE MORE LIKE FIFTY DOLLARS...
ONE FIFTY, TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT.
SIGH...
...PSST... ...PSST... ..PSST...
YEAH... LET'S GO...
?!?

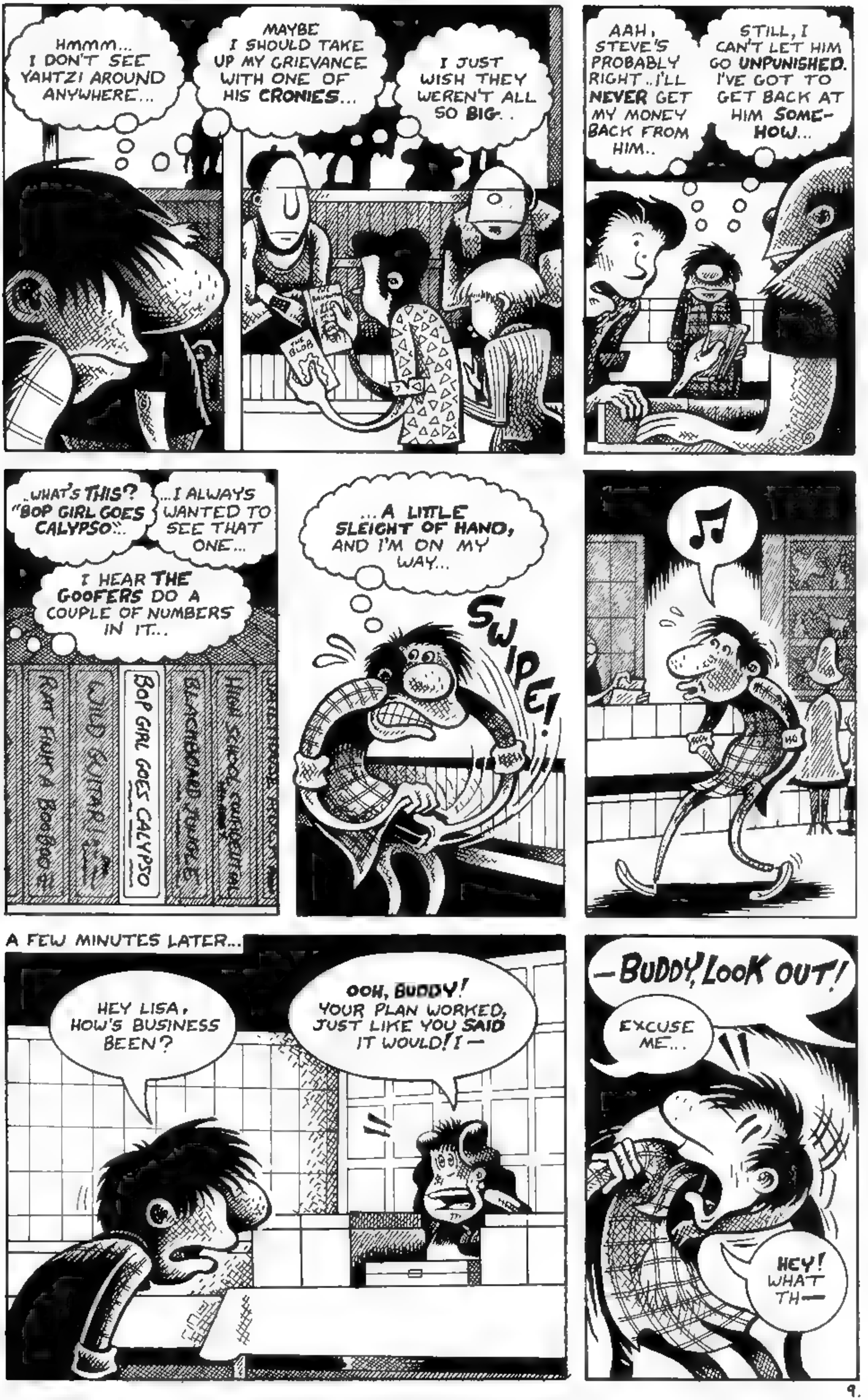
BUDDY, WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU? FIFTY DOLLARS IS A LOT OF MONEY...
I KNOW, I KNOW...
...LOOK, I'M GONNA STEP OUTSIDE FOR A SMOKE, AND WHILE I'M GONE I WANT YOU TO OFFER THOSE CARDS TO THOSE KIDS FOR $100...
BUT THEY'RE NOT COMING BACK! YOU JUST—
BELIEVE ME. THEY'LL BE BACK, ONCE THEY SEE THAT THE "MEAN MAN" HAS GONE AWAY...
AS LONG AS YOU ACT LIKE YOU'RE DOING THEM A BIG FAVOR THEY'LL BE MORE THAN HAPPY TO FORK OVER THE DOUGH...
I DON'T KNOW...$100 IS A LOT TO ASK FROM A KID...
HEY, ANY 16-YEAR-OLD WHO'S READY TO BLOW EVEN $50.00 ON JUNK LIKE THIS OBVIOUSLY HAS MONEY TO BURN...
DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME PITYING THOSE SPOILED BRATS!
COOL!
GRRRRR...
...WHAT DOES THIS THING DO?
WELL... OKAY... IF YOU THINK IT WILL WORK...
I KNOW IT'LL WORK! WHY DO YOU THINK I ASKED YOU TO GET ALL DOLLED UP FOR THIS THING? IT'S BECAUSE THESE NERDS NEVER HAGGLE OVER PRICES WITH A GIRL IN A MINI-SKIRT!
THEY'RE TOO THRILLED THAT YOU'RE EVEN TALKING TO 'EM!
...JUST LOOK AT THOSE GUYS OVER THERE, LINING UP TO HAVE THEIR PICTURE TAKEN WITH "INTERGALACTIC LASS"...
..AND THEN THEY SHEEPISHLY BUY MULTIPLE COPIES OF THE COMICBOOK SHE'S PROMOTING, EVEN IF IT'S A TOTAL PIECE OF SHIT!
INTERGA LASS
IN PERS
SHE MUST BE FREEZING IN THAT OUTFIT...
YEAH, WELL, THAT'S HER PROBLEM...
YOU WANT ME TO GET YOU SOME COFFEE OR SOMETHING?
NAH.
SUIT YERSELF...
...AND REMEMBER WHAT I SAID!

FIVE MINUTES LATER...
...PSST, PSST...
UH-HUH...
OH MY! THEY'RE HEADING BACK HERE ALREADY! I GUESS BUDDY WAS RIGHT!
...'SCUSE ME, LADY, I, UMMM... HOW MUCH FOR THESE BACK ISSUES OF FANGORIA?...
I DUNNO, BUT HEY! IF YOU'RE STILL INTERESTED IN THOSE DINOSAUR CARDS I'LL LET YOU HAVE THEM FOR ONLY $100!
R-REALLY?
SURE! I KNOW MY FRIEND WANTED $150.00 FOR 'EM, BUT I THINK THAT'S TOO MUCH TO ASK FROM A HIGHSCHOOLER, SO I'M OFFERING YOU A "STUDENT DISCOUNT"!
I HOPE THEY CAN SEE MY LEGS FROM OVER THERE...
...WISH I WASN'T SO GODDAMNE'D SHORT!
...PSST, PSST, PSST...
HMMM...
OKAY, I'LL TAKE IT!
REALLY? I MEAN, SWELL!
WOW, THAT WAS EASY! I GUESS BUDDY KNEW WHAT HE WAS TALKING ABOUT!
...NOW I ALMOST FEEL GUILTY FOR TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THEIR SEXUAL TIMIDITY, BUT WHAT THE HECK—A GAL'S GOTTA MAKE A BUCK!
PSST, PSST...
...WHAT'S THIS? HE'S COMING BACK AGAIN!..
...HOPEFULLY TO COUGH UP SOME MORE DOUGH...
TEE-HEE!
HELLO, AGAIN! IS THERE SOMETHING ELSE THAT YOU'RE INTERESTED IN?
N-NO, IT'S JUST THAT MY FRIEND WANTED ME TO TELL YOU THAT HE... THAT HE...
YES?

...WANTS TO BONE YOU UP THE BUTT!
GOOD LORD! HOW FUCKED-UP CAN YOU GET?!
TEE-HEE!
SNICKER!
SNORT!
CHORTLE!
?
...WELL I'LL BE... BUDDY BRADLEY'S MOVING UP IN THE WORLD BY RENTING HIS OWN TABLE, I SEE...
HUH? HOW DID YOU KNOW THIS WAS BUDDY'S—
BECAUSE I RECOGNIZE HIS STUFF. I'M THE ONE WHO SOLD HIM HALF OF THIS JUNK...
MY NAME'S YANTZI..IVE GOT A BOOTH IN THE NEXT ISLE...
HERE'S MY CARD...
HI, I'M —
...SO BUDDY'S ASKING $10.00 EACH FOR THESE OLD ARCADES, EH? WHAT A JOKE...
HERE, I'LL GIVE YOU $25.00 FOR THE WHOLE SET...
BUT, I DON'T...
RELAX. IF HE'S GOT HALF A BRAIN HE'LL KNOW HE MADE A GOOD DEAL...
...TELL HIM I SAID HI...
LATER...
BUT, I-I...
* SIGH*... I WISH I WAS ANYWHERE BUT HERE RIGHT NOW...

MEANWHILE...
ARTISTS' ALLEY
...SO HOW'S IT GOING SO FAR, BUDDY?
NOT SO GOOD. I JUST SPENT EVERYTHING I MADE SO FAR TODAY AT THE CONCESSION STAND...
YEAH, WELL, I TOLD YOU THIS CAN BE A TOUGH RACKET...
IT TAKES A CERTAIN SKILL, JUST LIKE EVERYTHING ELSE...
OH, I'M NOT READY TO THROW IN THE TOWEL JUST YET...
SO HOW'S BUSINESS BEEN FOR YOU?
HMPF. LIKE I SHOULD TALK...
EVERYONE'S WALKING AROUND WITH THEIR NOSES STUCK IN A PRICE GUIDE, AND SINCE WHAT I SELL ISN'T LISTED IN ANY PRICE GUIDE THEY AVOID ME LIKE THE PLAGUE...
YEAH, WELL, MOST OF WHAT YOU SELL IS BOOKS, AND WHO WANTS BOOKS?
THESE PEOPLE AREN'T LOOKING FOR SOMETHING TO READ...
PRICE GUIDE
SHUT-UP!
DAD, I'M BORED...
BUT LOOK AT THIS— I'VE GOT FIRST EDITION PAPERBACKS BY KURT VONNEGUT!
...SURELY SOMEONE IN THIS PLACE DIGS VONNEGUT!
I WOULDN'T COUNT ON IT...
SIGH... YOU'RE RIGHT.. WHO AM I KIDDING?...
YAHTZI'S MONSTERMANIA
...JUST LOOK AT THE BUSINESS THAT GUY YAHTZI MURPHY'S DOING... HE SELLS NOTHING BUT VIDEOS THESE DAYS...
VIDEOS ARE THE WAY TO GO, SINCE WATCHING T.V. TAKES ZERO EFFORT.. EVEN READING COMIC BOOKS TAKES EFFORT...
GRRRRR... YAHTZI MURPHY... I HATE THAT GUY...

OH, REALLY? I CAN'T IMAGINE WHY...
I BOUGHT A COPY OF "THE GIRL CAN'T HELP IT" FROM HIM, WHICH TURNED OUT TO BE A TOTALLY UNWATCHABLE, TENTH GENERATION BOOTLEG...
...AND EVERY TIME I TRY TO TALK TO HIM ABOUT IT HE JUST BLOWS ME OFF...
FORGET ABOUT EVER GETTING YOUR MONEY BACK FROM HIM...ONCE HE GETS HIS MITTS ON YOUR DOUGH HE'LL NEVER LET GO...
HE'D RATHER DIE THAN GIVE UP ONE RED CENT...
SOUNDS LIKE YOU'VE HAD TROUBLE WITH HIM TOO...
YEAH, HE'S BURNED ME A FEW TIMES, THOUGH I CAN'T SAY I HATE HIM FOR IT...
I'VE KNOWN HIM SINCE HE WAS TWELVE...HE USED TO COME INTO MY SHOP, BACK WHEN I HAD A SHOP...
HE CAME FROM A MESSED-UP FAMILY— HALF IRISH AND HALF SIAMESE, IF YOU CAN IMAGINE THAT...
NO ONE COULD PRONOUNCE HIS NAME RIGHT, SO WE ALL CALLED HIM "YAHTZI" INSTEAD...
IT USED TO PISS HIM OFF... BUT NOW HE'S STUCK WITH IT...
HEH HEH...
ASK ME ABOUT THE LIBERTARIAN PARTY
SIGH... I DUNNO... YEAH, THE GUY'S A CROOK, BUT WHO ISN'T THESE DAYS..
EVERYONE'S TRYING TO GET AWAY WITH AS MUCH AS THEY POSSIBLY CAN, AND YOU JUST HAVE TO KEEP THAT IN MIND WHEN YOU'RE DEALING WITH GUYS LIKE HIM...
SOMETIMES YOU'VE GOT TO LOWER YOUR STANDARDS...YOU CAN'T ALWAYS CHOOSE WHO YOU DO BUSINESS WITH...
YEAH, SURE, WHATEVER YOU SAY...
LOOK BUD, JUST FORGET IT, OKAY? MURPHY'S HAD THE SHIT BEATEN OUT OF HIM AT LEAST A DOZEN TIMES ALREADY...
IT'S OBVIOUS HE'S NEVER GONNA LEARN...
YEAH, WELL, YOU NEVER KNOW...MAYBE ONE MORE BEATING MIGHT DO THE TRICK...
OH, I SEE, YOU'RE A TOUGH GUY, HUH? PARDON ME FOR NOT REALIZING IT SOONER...
LOOK MAN, WHY DON'T YOU ADD A NIP OF THIS TO YOUR COFFEE AND MELLOW OUT FOR A WHILE— YOU STILL PARTAKE, DON'T YOU?
I BOUGHT MY T.V. ALONG, AND THE SONICS GAME STARTS IN FIVE MINUTES...
NO THANKS. I'VE GOT TO GO...
SUIT YERSELF, BUT DON'T SAY I DIDN'T WARN YOU...
STUPID KID...
REVENGE
...BUT FIRST, SOME SCORES FROM AROUND THE N.B.A...



HMMM... I DON'T SEE YAHTZI AROUND ANYWHERE...
MAYBE I SHOULD TAKE UP MY GRIEVANCE WITH ONE OF HIS **CRONIES**...
I JUST WISH THEY WEREN'T ALL SO **BIG**..
AAH, STEVE'S PROBABLY RIGHT..I'LL **NEVER** GET MY MONEY BACK FROM HIM..
STILL, I CAN'T LET HIM GO **UNPUNISHED**. I'VE GOT TO GET BACK AT HIM **SOME-HOW**...
..WHAT'S **THIS**? "**BOP GIRL GOES CALYPSO**"..
...I ALWAYS WANTED TO SEE THAT ONE...
I HEAR **THE GOOFERS** DO A COUPLE OF NUMBERS IN IT...
WILD GUITAR!
BOP GIRL GOES CALYPSO
BLACKBOARD JUNGLE
...A **LITTLE SLEIGHT OF HAND**, AND I'M ON MY WAY...
SWIPE!
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
HEY LISA, HOW'S BUSINESS BEEN?
OOH, BUDDY! YOUR PLAN WORKED, JUST LIKE YOU **SAID** IT WOULD! I—
—BUDDY, LOOK OUT!
EXCUSE ME...
HEY! WHAT TH—

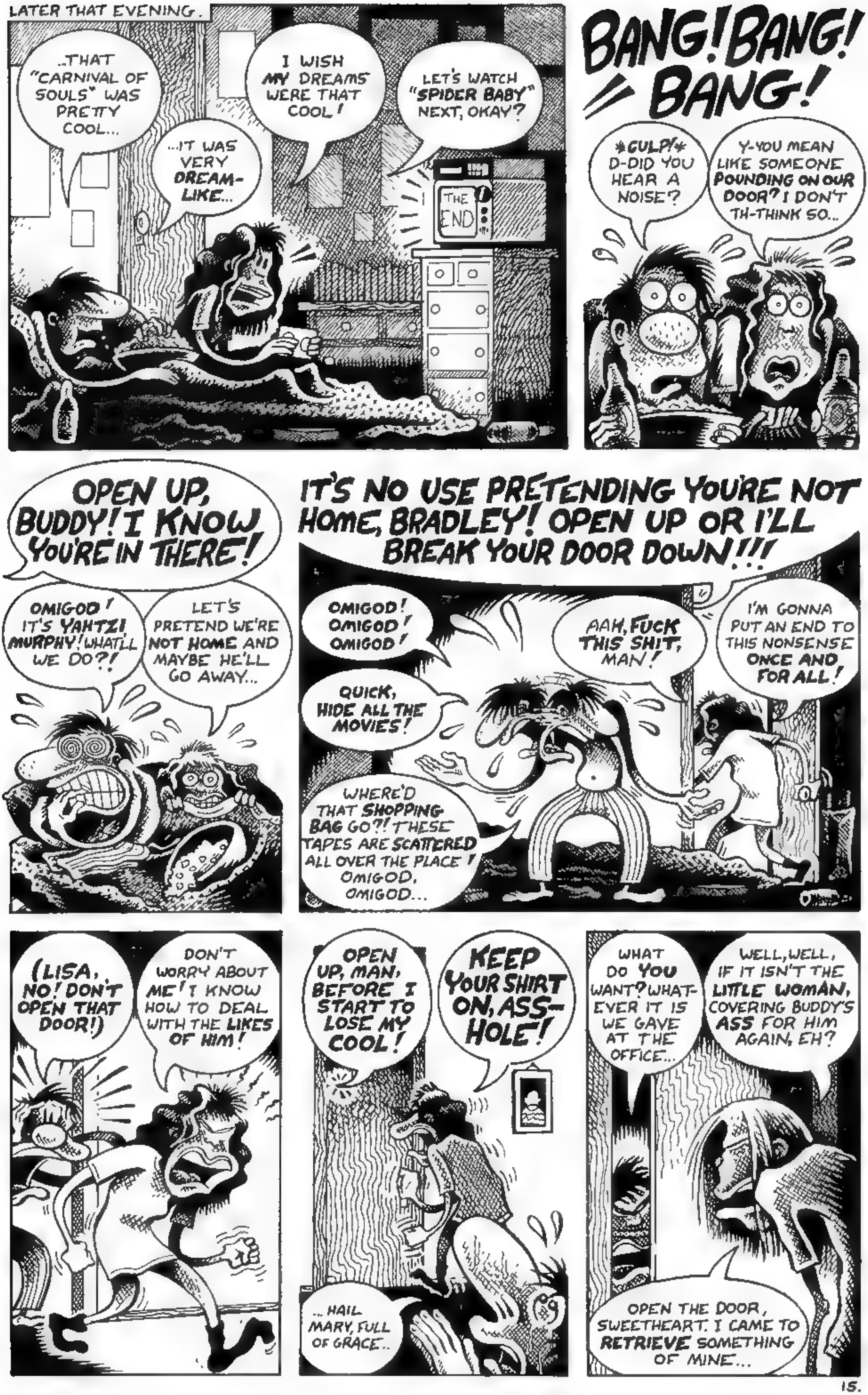
THINK YOU'RE PRETTY CUTE, HUH, BRADLEY? IS THIS YOUR WAY OF GETTING EVEN?
HEY, YOU OWE ME, MAN, AND YOU KNOW IT!
I DON'T OWE YOU NOTHING!!! I NEVER OWED ANYONE A GODDAMNED THING, YOU GOT THAT?!
HEY, LEAVE HIM ALONE, YOU ASSHOLE!
YIKES!
—HUH? WHO ARE YOU CALLING AN ASSHOLE!?
I'M CALLING YOU AN ASSHOLE, ASSHOLE!
(LISA! SHHH!)
YOU GOT WHAT YOU WANTED MISTER! NOW WHY DON'T YOU GET LOST!
.. AND NEXT TIME TRY PICKING ON SOMEONE YOUR OWN SIZE FOR A CHANGE!
I...UH... *GULP!*
ACK! ACK!
ARRGH... ALL RIGHT. I GUESS I MADE MY POINT...
BUT SEE HERE, BRADLEY, THE NEXT TIME YOU'VE GOT A BONE TO PICK WITH ME TRY ACTING LIKE A MAN FOR A CHANGE AND DEAL WITH ME FACE TO FACE!
NONE OF THIS STEALING FROM ME AND THEN HAVING YOUR LADY FRIEND SAVE YOUR ASS —DIG ME?
YEAH, YEAH, YEAH...
WHAT'S THE STORY WITH THAT GUY? WHOEVER HE IS HE OUGHT TO BE SHOT!
IT'S A LONG STORY...
RIGHT NOW I JUST FEEL LIKE PACKING UP AND GOING HOME...

LATER
EXHIBITION HALL
SERVICE ENTRANCE
SO WHAT'S THE FINAL VERDICT, BUDDY? WAS IT A TOTAL LOSS?
NAH. WE FLEECED A COUPLE OF TEENAGERS PRETTY GOOD. OTHER THAN THAT IT WAS ALL NICKEL AND DIME STUFF.
HOW ABOUT YOU?
TOYOTA
OH, I WOUND UP DOING ALL RIGHT...
FUCKING SONICS, THOUGH... THEY WERE BEATING UTAH BY 16 POINTS AT THE END OF THE THIRD QUARTER, BUT THEY TOTALLY BLEW IT IN THE FINAL MINUTES...
I GOT SO PISSED I SPILLED MY COFFEE ALL OVER MY PANTS...
SERVES ME RIGHT FOR FORGETTING THAT ALL SEATTLE TEAMS SUCK—THAT THEY ALWAYS SUCKED AND ALWAYS WILL SUCK...
STILL, I CAN'T HELP HOPING...
YOU'RE A HOPELESS IDEALIST, STEVE, THAT'S YOUR PROBLEM...
I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT...
SO ARE WE ALL PACKED UP AND READY TO GO, THEN?
LOOKS LIKE IT...
* HUFF *
* PUFF *
AND HOW ABOUT YOU, LISA? DID YOU ENJOY YOUR FIRST DAY OF SELF-EMPLOYMENT?
IT WAS ALL RIGHT... I'D BE WILLING TO TRY IT AGAIN...
COMING SOON TO THIS SITE HUNTINGTON TOWERS
..IT'S NOT LIKE I'VE GOT ANYTHING BETTER TO DO...
...HEY, CAN I TURN THE RADIO ON?
HUH? OH, SURE, GO AHEAD...

OH, WOW! THE COLLEGE STATION IS ACTUALLY PLAYING A SONG BY ROYAL TRUX!
THE ROYAL WHA?!
ROYAL TRUX! THEY'RE THIS REALLY COOL JUNKIE BAND FROM NEW YORK CITY!
OH YEAH, RIGHT. NOW WOULD YOU MIND CHANGING THE STATION?
WHAT? NO WAY! THESE GUYS ARE GREAT!
DON'T TRY TO BULLSHIT ME. THIS STUFF IS UTTER GARBAGE. NO ONE IN THEIR RIGHT MIND WOULD DIG THIS NONSENSE.
HEY MAN, I KNOW A LOT OF PEOPLE WHO DIG THIS STUFF!
THEN A LOT OF PEOPLE ARE BRAIN-WASHED..."GRUNGE ROCK"— WHAT A HOAX!
I'M WITH YOU, STEVE—THIS SO-CALLED "MUSIC" IS BEYOND THE PALE...
BOY OH BOY, LISTEN TO YOU TWO! YOU GUYS HATE EVERYTHING, DON'T YOU?
YOU'RE JUST LIKE TWO PEAS IN A POD!
SORRY TO OFFEND, MISSY.
JUST TELLIN' IT LIKE IT IS...
LATER, AT BUDDY'S PAD...
(PSST, HEY BUD! LISA'S LOOKIN' PRETTY HOT IN THAT GET-UP OF HERS...)
YA THINK SO, HUH?
UM-HMMM! SAY, DO ME A FAVOR AND GIVE HER AN EXTRA SHTUPPIN' TONIGHT, JUST FOR ME, WILL YA?
HEY! WATCH WHAT YOU SAY!

CALM DOWN, BOY! I WAS JUST FUNNIN' WITH YA...
DON'T BE SO TOUCHY...
HEH! HEH!
OH, WELL...OKAY THEN...
SMEK! SMEK!
ARRRGH... DISGUSTING OLD GEEZER...
I DREAD THE THOUGHT OF SOMEDAY WINDING UP JUST LIKE HIM, EVEN THOUGH I PROBABLY WILL...
LISA'S RIGHT--WE ARE TWO PEAS IN A POD!
HEH-HEH...
AND SO...
WELP, I GUESS THAT TAKES CARE OF MY STUFF...
NOT QUITE...
..YOU FORGOT THIS BAG FULL OF VIDEOS...
?!? BUT, THAT'S NOT MINE...
I'LL TAKE THAT...
SNATCH!
HUH?
?!?
ZIP!
I'LL SEE YOU LATER, BUDDY!
WHA? OH, SEE YA! AND THANKS FOR THE LIFT...
OH LISA, CAN I TALK TO YOU FOR A SECOND—
NO!
WHADDAYA MEAN, NO?!? I JUST WANNA KNOW WHERE ALL THOSE VIDEOS CAME FROM...
ONLY IF YOU PROMISE NOT TO GET MAD AT ME, 'CUZ I DID IT FOR YOU!

DID WHAT FOR ME?! I DON'T GET IT...
WELL, I WAS SO PISSED OFF AT THAT YAHTZI CHARACTER FOR GIVING YOU A HARD TIME THAT WHILE YOU WERE BUSY PACKING UP OUR STUFF I SNUCK UP BEHIND HIS BOOTH AND STOLE THE FIRST THING I COULD LAY MY HANDS ON...
YOU WHAT?!? YOU MEAN THIS STUFF BELONGS TO YAHTZI?
HOLY SHIT, LISA! DO YOU REALIZE WHAT YOU'VE DONE?!
SO I STOLE SOMETHING, SO WHAT? SINCE WHEN ARE YOU ABOVE STEALING STUFF?
BESIDES, HE DESERVED IT!
THAT'S TOTALLY BESIDES THE POINT! YOU SAW WITH YOUR OWN EYES WHAT A MADMAN HE IS!
ONCE HE FIGURES OUT WHAT HAPPENED I'M A DEAD MAN!
BUT HE WON'T FIGURE IT OUT! HOW COULD HE? NO ONE SAW ME TAKE IT, AND YOU WERE OUTSIDE AT THE TIME, SO—
BUT NONE OF THAT MATTERS! HE'LL JUST ASSUME I DID IT AND THEN COME OVER HERE LOOKING FOR IT, WHERE HE WILL FIND IT AND THEN I'LL BE HISTORY!!!
JESUS, BUDDY... CALM DOWN...
YOU'RE GETTING AWFULLY CARRIED AWAY... DON'T BE SO PARANOID...
NOTHING'S GOING TO HAPPEN...
B-B-BUT HOW CAN YOU BE SO SURE...
TSK JUST TRUST ME, OKAY? I'M A GOOD STEALER!
NOW LET'S OPEN A FEW BEERS AND CELEBRATE OUR FIRST DAY AS PRIVATE ENTRE-PRENEURS...
YEAH, YOU'RE RIGHT... THIS SHOULD BE A DAY OF CELEBRATION...
THAT'S RIGHT! SO LET'S MAKE A TOAST — TO US!
NOW LET'S KICK BACK, RELAX, AND ENJOY SOME OF OUR NEW MOVIES!
OKAY, SOUNDS LIKE A PLAN... HEH-HEH...
CLINK!


LATER THAT EVENING.
..THAT "CARNIVAL OF SOULS" WAS PRETTY COOL...
...IT WAS VERY DREAM-LIKE...
I WISH MY DREAMS WERE THAT COOL!
LET'S WATCH "SPIDER BABY" NEXT, OKAY?
THE END
BANG! BANG! BANG!
GULP! D-DID YOU HEAR A NOISE?
Y-YOU MEAN LIKE SOMEONE POUNDING ON OUR DOOR? I DON'T TH-THINK SO...
OPEN UP, BUDDY! I KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE!
OMIGOD! IT'S YAHTZI MURPHY! WHAT'LL WE DO?!
LET'S PRETEND WE'RE NOT HOME AND MAYBE HE'LL GO AWAY...
IT'S NO USE PRETENDING YOU'RE NOT HOME, BRADLEY! OPEN UP OR I'LL BREAK YOUR DOOR DOWN!!!
OMIGOD! OMIGOD! OMIGOD!
QUICK, HIDE ALL THE MOVIES!
AAH, FUCK THIS SHIT, MAN!
I'M GONNA PUT AN END TO THIS NONSENSE ONCE AND FOR ALL!
WHERE'D THAT SHOPPING BAG GO?! THESE TAPES ARE SCATTERED ALL OVER THE PLACE! OMIGOD, OMIGOD...
(LISA, NO! DON'T OPEN THAT DOOR!)
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME! I KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH THE LIKES OF HIM!
OPEN UP, MAN, BEFORE I START TO LOSE MY COOL!
KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON, ASS-HOLE!
...HAIL MARY, FULL OF GRACE..
WHAT DO YOU WANT? WHAT-EVER IT IS WE GAVE AT THE OFFICE...
WELL, WELL, IF IT ISN'T THE LITTLE WOMAN, COVERING BUDDY'S ASS FOR HIM AGAIN, EH?
OPEN THE DOOR, SWEETHEART. I CAME TO RETRIEVE SOMETHING OF MINE...

AND WHAT IF I REFU—
BASH!
YIKES!
I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS SHIT—
WHERE'S MY MOVIES, BUDDY!?
I KNOW IT WAS YOU WHO STOLE 'EM, SINCE NOONE ELSE WOULD BE STUPID ENOUGH TO PULL SUCH AN OBVIOUS STUNT!!!
GULP NICE GOING, LISA! LOOKS LIKE I'M A GONER FOR SURE..
I CAN THINK OF ONLY ONE WAY OUT OF THIS MESS...
I JUST HOPE IT WORKS...
GET OUT OF OUR HOUSE, YOU MANIAC!
NOT 'TIL I GET WHAT'S MINE, AND THEN SOME! THERE'S GONNA BE HELL TO PAY FOR THIS...
YOU WANT YOUR STUPID MOVIES BACK, MURPHY?..
...HERE!!! HERE'S YOUR PRECIOUS BABIES!
HEY! WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING —
SMASH!
NOW WATCH THIS!
YEAH! GO, BUDDY, GO!!!
WHAT TH—
BASH! BASH! BASH!

GRRRRR... YOU REALLY DID IT THIS TIME, BUDDY... YOU JUST DUG YOUR OWN GRAVE...
OH YEAH? SO WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO ABOUT IT, PAL? TAKE ONE STEP CLOSER AND I'LL DO TO YOUR SKULL WHAT I DID TO YOUR LOUSY MOVIES...
KILL HIM, BUDDY! KILL HIM!
YOU ALWAYS GOT AWAY WITH MURDER 'CUZ PEOPLE WERE AFRAID OF YOUR PSYCHO ROUTINE, BUT YOU JUST MET YOUR MATCH, BUB!
I'M FROM NEW JERSEY, MAN! IN JERSEY WE KILL PEOPLE FOR NO REASON AT ALL, 'CUZ WE ALL GOT CANCER ANYWAY SO WHO GIVES A SHIT!
YEAH, YEAH, YOU'RE ALL TALK!
NOW GIMME THAT BAT...
YOU WANT IT? HERE!
SWOOSH!
WHOA!
YEAH! GET 'IM!
JEEZUS! YOU REALLY ARE CRAZY!
ALL RIGHT, I'M OUTTA HERE, BUT YOU'RE STILL GONNA PAY FOR THIS, BRADLEY...
WHATEVER YOU DISH OUT I'LL PAY YOU BACK IN SPADES, MAN...
YEAH, RIGHT... WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT, BUT YOU MIGHT AS WELL FORGET ABOUT ANY PLANS YOU HAVE OF GOING INTO THE COLLECTOR BUSINESS IN THIS TOWN, 'CUZ I'VE GOT CONNECTIONS, MAN, AND I'LL SEE TO IT THAT YOU'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO—
BLOW IT OUT YOUR HOLE!
YEAH, GET OUT BEFORE I STAB YOU WITH MY KNIFE!
GOOD LORD! YOU'RE BOTH NUTS!
...NICE CHATTING WITH YOU, BUDDY, AND I HOPE YOU LIKE YOUR CURRENT JOB, 'CUZ YOU'RE GONNA BE THERE A LONG TIME...
I SAID GET OUT!
YIKES!
SLAM!
ZING— P-TWANG!
OH MY GOD!

YES! WHOO-HOO! WE SHOWED HIM A THING OR TWO, DIDN'T WE, BUDDY!
..BUDDY? ARE YOU OKAY?
I-I-I-I-I...
OH MY GOD, WHAT HAVE I DONE?!
OH, C'MON, BUDDY! YOU SHOULD BE PROUD OF YOURSELF! WE GAVE THAT PSYCHO-PATH A TASTE OF HIS OWN MEDICINE!
"PSYCHO-PATH". YEAH, RIGHT... LIKE WE SHOULD TALK..
YOU CAME AWFULLY CLOSE TO HIT-TING HIM WITH THAT KNIFE, LISA...
CLOSE? I WANTED TO HIT HIM! I WANTED TO DRIVE THAT KNIFE RIGHT THROUGH HIS SKULL!
BUT...WHY? WHY WOULD YOU TRY TO KILL HIM WHEN HE WAS AL-READY OUT THE DOOR?
BECAUSE HE WAS MEAN TO YOU, BUDDY! I'D KILL ANY-ONE WHO GIVES YOU A HARD TIME, AND I MEAN IT!
OH MY GOD..
WHAT!? WHAT I'D SAY?!
..OH, I GET IT! YOU THINK THIS IS ALL MY FAULT, DON'T YOU!?
YOU PROBABLY THINK I'M NOTHING BUT TROUBLE, HUH?
NO I DON'T...
TRUDGE.. TRUDGE...

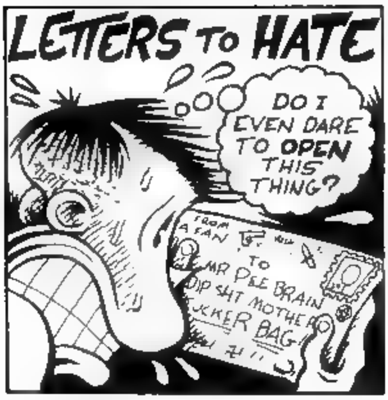
YES YOU DO, AND YOU'RE PROBABLY RIGHT!
I TRY TO HELP, BUT ALL I DO IS MESS EVERYTHING UP!
YOU MUST HATE ME!
BOO-HOO-HOO!
OH NO I DON'T... C'MERE...
YES YOU DO! YOU HATE EVERYTHING ELSE, SO WHY WOULDN'T YOU HATE ME AS WELL?
NOW, NOW, I DON'T HATE YOU... YOU'RE PROBABLY THE ONLY PERSON I DON'T HATE...
SOB!
R-R-R-REALLY?
UH-HUH, AND I'M TOUCHED THAT YOU'D BE SO WILLING TO KILL FOR ME FOR THE SLIGHTEST OF PRETEXTS..
IT MAKES ME QUESTION YOUR SANITY, BUT I'M TOUCHED NONETHELESS...
SNIFF THAT'S NICE OF YOU TO SAY, BUDDY, BUT STILL, I SHOULD'VE NEVER STOLEN THOSE VIDEOS.. IT WAS STUPID OF ME... NOT TO MENTION WRONG...
OH NO IT WASN'T...YOU HAD EVERY RIGHT TO STEAL FROM HIM ...IT WAS A MORALLY JUSTIFIABLE ACT...
JESUS WOULD APPROVE...
SNIFF ...YA THINK SO?
I KNOW SO!
TOO BAD WE GOT CAUGHT, THOUGH...
HONK!
YEAH, TOO BAD..
I REALLY WANTED TO SEE "SPIDER BABY"..
AND NOW IT LOOKS LIKE OUR CAREERS AS "DEALERS IN KOOL KOLLECTABLES" HAS BEEN NIPPED IN THE BUD...
YEAH, BUT WHO KNOWS...MAYBE IT WAS A BLESSING IN DISGUISE, SINCE I'M NOT TOO SURE WE'RE CUT OUT FOR THIS RACKET...
NOTHING'S MORE PATHETIC —OR DANGEROUS— THAN BEING A SECOND-RATE HUSTLER...
MMMYEAH, I SUPPOSE, THOUGH I KINDA LIKE THE SOUND OF THAT: "SECOND-RATE HUSTLER"
IT'S GOT A NICE RING TO IT...
YEAH, YOU WOULD...

..HEY, LOOK! HERE'S A MOVIE THAT SURVIVED THE CARNAGE IN TACT...
OH YEAH? WHICH ONE IS IT?
"THE TINGLER"..
IT'S GOT VINCENT PRICE IN IT..
YA WANNA WATCH IT?
OH, OKAY..
...ALTHOUGH I WAS KIND OF THINKING THAT WE COULD HAVE SEX INSTEAD. .
SEX? ..NOW?
SURE! WHY NOT? DON'T YOU WANNA?
WELL.. OKAY...ONLY I'D LIKE TO WATCH THIS MOVIE AS WELL...
SO WE'LL DO BOTH AT THE SAME TIME! I'VE GOT NO OBJECTIONS TO THAT...
ALL RIGHT THEN, I'LL GO POP THE TAPE IN...
CLICK
WHRRRR
..Y'KNOW WHAT, BUDDY? I GOT REALLY TURNED ON WHEN YOU TOOK A SWING AT YAHTZI'S HEAD WITH THAT BASEBALL BAT..
OH YEAH?
SHLORP!
UM-HMM! MY PUSSY STARTED JUICIN' LIKE CRAZY!
HUH. WELL, I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO ASSAULT MY ENEMIES MORE OFTEN, IF THAT'S WHAT M'LADY DESIRES...
F.B.I. WARNING
COULD YOU? I'D APPRECIATE IT...
...AND REMEMBER, A SCREAM IN TIME MAY SAVE YOUR LIFE!

THE END

STINKY BROWN, SUPER STAR

FEATURING **FLAIR MEENER, STAR-MAKER!**



Dear Buddy:

I never wrote a letter to a comic book character before. But I'm extremely concerned about the potential dangers you expose yourself to with a woman like Lisa. Well, not just a woman like Lisa, but Lisa herself, to be exact. (I should know. For years I was held prisoner by a Lisa-type, and it wasn't until I was rescued by forces from beyond that I got my shit together. But that's another comic.)

Aside from being one of the most disgusting women you're likely to meet in anyone's imagination, she strongly resembles someone who may have actually slept with Charles Bukowski. Just think about it.

The smart/sensible thing to do would be to dump the bitch in a hurry, get a new change of clothes and go hunt yourself a new woman, one that can enhance your spirit, encourage your thirst for life and maybe cook once in a while. If, however, you're set on a depressive/reclusive/pig/slob, why can't she be rich and have big hooters?

Come to think of it, can you ever forgive this Bagge character for throwing a human-woman-dump like Lisa in your life? I wouldn't let him write my women if I were you. The guy sounds like he's lost his grip on reality. Just think about it, Buddy. If you don't break free from this guy who knows what he may do to you. I have a feeling, and I don't mean to scare you (or maybe I do), that he's just getting started and hasn't even begun to explore the many ways he can torture you.

So that's my message. Be careful, keep your eyes open, and try to have a talk with the Bagge-man when he's in a good mood, like after he's had sex or consumed a quantity of illegal tobacco. Maybe you'll get lucky and he'll take pity on you.

Cosmo Browne
S.F., CA

Dear Pete Bagge,

Like all your other readers, I am exactly like Buddy Bradley — except that I prefer boxers and CDs and am studying at Oxford on a major international scholarship. This past summer, having graduated from college, I spent my time watching *Sesame Street* and sampling many varieties of breakfast cereal. Between bowls I would often peruse my new collection of *Hate*, a pleasure to which I came late in life. Eerily enough, within days of my buying each back issue, the worst thing that happened to Buddy therein would happen to me. Fights with girlfriends, fucked-up friends, drunken stupor, everything exactly the same. *Hate* became for me a vatic text at the altar of my cereal. However, when Valerie left for France I realized that my karma had somehow transmuted to echo the feminine. This angers me and I blame the abuses of Buddy Bradley, although I am aware he is fictional.

In reprisal I would very dearly like to fictionally fuck Valerie in Paris, and appear with her when she reenters the storyline to laugh in Buddy's newly blusher-encrusted face. I am the ultimate Buddy nemesis because I am simultaneously Buddy and anti-Buddy, odious for being what Buddy is and what he is not. Please cooperate in this.

Alec Dinwoodie
Oxford, U.K.

[No. —P.B.]

Pete:

I found it ironic that on the cover of *Hate* #11 you showed a church — are Buddy and co. going to get clean and religious? I've actually been going to a Unity church here lately, it's an all Gay-Lesbian-Junkie-Alcoholic-Incest Victim kinda church. My kind of people! Actually, they are pretty funny and uplifting.

Paul Keller
Chicago, IL

Dear Mr. Bagge,

Your work often notes that religion is a big part of life in America, but always takes it for granted that religion is stupid. Your more intelligent characters dismiss religion with little or no explanation: Buddy Bradley explains that religion is just "fear of death," and Chet Leeway merely yells, "I hate Jesus Christ's guts, you Born-Again bonehead!"

By having Buddy and Chet denounce religion along with all their other pet peeves, you seem to lump religious people in with people who unthinkingly conform to middle class and arty lifestyles. However, I think that what separates religious people from these people is that religion can give direction to the directionless. For example, there are a lot of Born-Again Christians here at my college, and they seem to be very nice people who know what they want out of life. In contrast, the people who Buddy and the Leeways cannot stand are for the most part as directionless as they are, and are not "nice people" at all. All that separated the amoral and angry teenage Buddy from the people he hated was Buddy's intelligence. While everyone else blindly accepted things as they were, Buddy was smart enough to see past the crap in American life. Buddy (and you) may think that religious people "blindly accept" religion, but I think that some of them arrive at religion by questioning the world around them, much as Buddy does.

In your stories, "The Fall and Rise of Zoove Groover" and "What Ever Happened to Babs Bradley?," you have stupid characters sink about as low as possible, only to find "redemption" as Born Again Christians who are as shallow as before: Zoove continues to be a talentless musician who is completely dependent upon his publicity, and Babs becomes a "scripture-spouting zombie." But here, both the stories end. If one of the "regulars" in *Hate* was a Born-Again Christian, or if just once you could spend more time depicting a Born-Again Christian after his or her conversion, it would provide more insight into the changing personality of Buddy Bradley, as he struggles to find direction in life and to rise above all the things that he hates.

Jack Baney
East Windsor, NJ

Mr. Baggy,

At least your stories give something to think about — insightful as always. Unfortunately, the art does not. It sucks. Cartoony and twisted as it is, it's not ugly in the beautiful sense of the Roy Tompkins- or Lloyd Dangle-weirdness for instance — it just stinks.

Can't you learn to draw a balloon with your bare hands, a straight goddamn line without a ruler, huh? HUH? Furthermore, your art, which reminds me of a cross between VIP and Burne Hogarth-on-acid, is as static and sterile as can be — it lacks *depth*. Despite the exaggeration of strong sensitivities like anger, intoxication, or lewdness it's dead as a doornail. And what excessive cross-hatching has something to do with creating comic art is beyond me. To catch some realism of the lighting- and shading-magic? Flogging a dead horse, for you're complete incompetent in this matter. Mostly the final result is an unreadable panel. But perhaps you are covering up your inability to draw properly, eh?

Go study the "clear line" of the Tintin-school for a change. Or go fuck yourself. Or better yet just *write* your stuff. Comedy, I feel, is your niche.

Anton Hemus
Utrecht, Holland

[Anton, are you trying to make me cry? —P.B.]

Dear Peter Bagge,

Hate #10 sucked shit you impotent insecure mother-fucker. If *Hate* #s 8 and 9 didn't kick so much butt, I'd do something rash like drive to Seattle, tie you up, and fuck you in the ass with a red hot poker. . . On second thought, you'd probably love it. Merry Fuckin' Christmas asshole.

Mary Beth Black
Oakland, CA

Dear Mr. Bagge:

Because I like to think of myself as a feminist, there was a time when Buddy Bradley so rankled me that I was close to giving up on *Hate* altogether. However, as of the latest issue, *Hate* #11, I am now firmly convinced that Buddy is the epitome of all things male, the embodiment of that which is fundamentally unknowable to me as a woman, and, therefore, an object of great curiosity. His current relationship with Lisa, as a paradigm for the inherently fucked-up nature of all male-female relationships, seems to me filled with Great Truths and Revealing Answers — if only I could remember what the questions are.

So, yeah, I guess I've changed my mind about Buddy and *Hate*. Well, hey, it *is* a woman's prerogative, after all.

Diana Schutz
Portland, OR

Dear Mr. Bagge,

Last issue's Buddy and Lisa story had all the awful fascination of a fatal car crash for me. A lot of feminists miss the point that there is a twisted reward for women who act helpless and victimized — they get taken care of! They don't have to assume responsibility for anything! Unfortunately, for this sort of person, the people they know usually smarten up and cut them out of their lives, if they're ruthless enough. The thing is, passive-manipulative people like Lisa, always seem to find some new sucker to batten onto.

Incidentally, I wouldn't be surprised if Lisa sent Buddy an invitation to her wedding just for the sheer spite of it. . . which reminds me, how far do you plan on dragging Mr. Bradley down the greasy pole of worldly success? As far as sending him, cringing and whining like a whipped cur, back home? (God Forbid!) Nahhh, he'd commit suicide first, I'm sure.

Billie Pajak
Calgary, Alberta

Dear Mr. Bagge:

Hate #7 came a little too fucking close to this chick for comfort. Bagge, have you been following me around? Lisa's place looks like mine, from the Esquivel (sigh) to the pictures of big eyed kids. It was like reliving that "I Wanna Be Bad" drawing all over again. Ahhh! Those are all my books.

Am I that much of a fucking cliche? I beg you Bagge please stop and think before you draw again or at least make it seem desirable instead of merely pathetic. But I forgive you, we are a generation that is much too easily pegged

The Buddy look-alikes were a scream. Only a bunch of guys would aid in their own complete public humiliation. Some of the little reprobates were kinda cute, though. *[Some? Don't you mean all? —P.B.]*

Janna Kriens
Oakland, CA

Peter,

And speaking of depressing. When I was at the comic store today I all of a sudden realized how much I missed *Weirdo*. Talk about delayed reactions. When that mag was coming out it was my favorite thing ever (no matter who was editing it), and I guess in a way it still is. Old favorites and new favorites all mixed together in one book. I've tried to get excited about other anthology-type comics but just can't work up the same enthusiasm for any of them. Not that I expect you to do anything about this but since you probably owe some of your poularity to *Weirdo*, I thought I might as well tell you I missed it. Keep up the good work, blah blah blah.

Gordon Gordon
Seattle, WA

[Aline Crumb is currently putting together one more "For Old Time's Sake" issue of Weirdo, *only this time it'll be called* Ouirdeaux, *due to her new surroundings. It should be in print by this summer, and it will feature a long-overdue installment of "Martini Baton"! —P.B.]*

Hey Pete —

I always thought Buddy and Lisa made the perfect couple, and it gives me hope that all one has to do is keep looking under the rocks for the weirdness that makes life worth living, and one will find the screwball female that provides the one true crazy/happiness from which all energy springs. I believe we've all known Lisa, under one name or another, and those who haven't don't know what they're missing. Or maybe they do.

One question, though. Is the Letters Page an accurate representation of the letters (pro/con/stupid/etc.) you receive, or just a random thing? If so, you must be receiving a lot more negative responses than usual. I could be wrong, but when people vow never to read your stuff again in reaction to something said or illustrated, it just seems like they're, y'know, missing the point. I'm not really sure what that point is, but it seems to me that total refusal of an art form is akin to saying "I don't like the way that tasted, so I'm sewing my mouth shut." I'm continually horrified by this world, and the energy some people exert rejecting any form of expression makes my stomach turn.

Matt Wenger
K.C., MO

[Most of the letters I receive are positive. I just can't resist running the negative ones because they're much more entertaining! —P.B.]

Hey Peter!

I just had to write to say how much I loved issue #11 of *Hate*. Lisa truly reminds me of the type of psycho girlfriends I had in college — you just can't resist keepin' them around to pork.

I also loved your 3-page bio-piece "Let's Give Fascism a Chance!" I certainly can relate being the father of a young daughter as well (Haley Gore, born 9-9-92). Let's see more biographical stuff. I'm sure you have plenty of more good stories about bein' a dad that us other young dads can relate to. I've always thought changing diapers is a lot like unwrapping a steaming hot bean burrito. What do you think?

Hey, how come in your lazy editorial/recommendation section you completely ignore *FILM THREAT* and *FILM THREAT VIDEO GUIDE*? We still need your nod of approval every once in a while. Don't you read the FREE copies we send you?

Your pal (and I don't mean "personal ass licker"),

Chris Gore
Los Angeles, CA

[Everybody go out and buy FILM THREAT *and* FILM THREAT VIDEO GUIDE. *How's that, Chris? —P.B.]*

Dear Pete,

Well, it's finally happened. You've let me down. *Hate* #11 was a complete drag. I mean what is this crap? You were going so good with the "Follow That Dream" storyline — I loved the ending where Buddy winds up in a bus station playing a Terminator 2 pinball game and contemplating a girlfriendless future. I thought that would really open things up. I was even more encouraged by the next issue when he lost his job. It was great because that one-two punch knocked the Budster (sorry) on his ass and also injected him with a much needed dose of humility. (He was getting too damned cocky). And I was licking my lips in anticipation of a hilarious issue in which a humble and hard-up Buddy Bradley pounds the pavement looking for a job in these recessionary times. So what do I get? A "fuck-off-and-leave-me-alone" editorial followed by 18 pages of third-rate Bukowski followed by an appalling piece of bullshit with the unironic title of "Let's Give Fascism a Chance." What a comedown. I mean not only was this issue a disappointment, but it actively pissed me off. Jeezoo Chrise, you must've taken that playground fire hard, it's really affected your art.

What a lazy, marking-time issue! I mean for starters, there's a fine line between presenting an authentic bohemian milieu and making your audience sick, and page 12 crossed that line. *[? —P.B.]* And I'm getting sick of B.B.'s constant alcoholic aggression. If this keeps up, I'll go back to watching T.V. What happens next issue? Buddy joins A.A.? He and Lisa get married? That reminds me of another mistake you're making, namely, dumping all the supporting characters. I mean first Val, then Stinky, now George — and look at who you're keeping! These characters you seem to be cutting loose were key to the book's appeal. George made Buddy look cool, Stinky's conscienceless fucking, lying and cheating made him look good, and Valerie — she was the most important loss of all, not only did she smooth over Buddy's rough edges, but the book's as well. Without her as a link to basical morality and hygiene, the book becomes rather shrill, not to mention nauseating. If that's the way you wanna go, it's your prerogative and I'd probably stick with you, but I thought laughs was part of what this strip was about. And finally, what's the deal with Buddy himself? He's acting more callous than ever before. I mean at the end of issue #9 he was genuinely upset about being dumped, but two issues later it's like Valerie never existed. I'm beginning to wonder about Buddy Bradley. Maybe he really is an asshole. *[Stop the presses! —P.B.]*

In fact, given the three-pager that followed "Slumming" I'm beginning to wonder about my hero, Pete Bagge. What in hell were you thinking when you chose to publish that relentless, whiny, self-indulgent rant? I mean I know you were trying to be ironic" by balancing off your psycho parent interior monologue with the cheerful fragile innocence of young Hannah, but believe me, it didn't come off that way. *[Yes it did! —P.B.]* What it came off as was an unbelievably blown out of proportion screech at the homeless (they smell and they're rude!) and those noisy evil punk teeangers ("Why aren't you in school, young man?"). They got drunk and burned a kind and gentle children's park to the ground. Oh, the humanity! Goddamn, Peter, I expected a little softening of the punk negativism once you became a proud papa, but Fuck! Have you gone around the bend? I hope this is just a one-time deal, something you just had to get off your chest and "fuck-whether-I'm-being-sensitive-or-not," because if not, well then — You're becoming a reactionary homeowner dad. I just can't get over the bile of that attack, what were you trying to do — be as honest as possible by immortalizing every spur of the moment fascist thought you have when you walk down the street? Hey, I understand that notion, the contradictions, you know, a conservative is a liberal who's been mugged, and all that crap, and I get pissed off at that stuff myself, and have thoughts like that myself, but I've never felt angry enough to go home and write it down, let alone try to get it published. What's next in the series? Peter Bagge and his family accept the lord Jesus Christ as their personal savior?

Well, if that story was an overreaction then what about this letter? I admit it, maybe I took it a bit too hard — but I wanted to get across to you. Listen, Pete, don't coast, your readers are not passive cattle, they go out and get your book (and believe me, it ain't easy to find) and deserve peak performance. Now, I realize you're only human, and I'll forgive the occasional lackluster issue, but I will never let you rest. So let's nip this thing in the bud.

Your dedicated and demanding fan,

Jim Brege
Wauconda, IL

P.S. I liked the cover.

Dear Bagge —

You should do a story where Buddy and Lisa find a magic whistle.

Sam Henderson
Brooklyn, NY

[Sam, is this a suggestion you make to everybody? —P.B.]

Dear Peter,

Addressing the conundrum that was stared down by good Buddy and Lisa at the conclusion of their last adventure — "What do regular people do for kicks?" — I believe this letter in and of itself provides the distressing answer: regular (ok, sober) people spend Friday night in their local Dunkin Donuts hammering out weird, pathetic letters to their idols because they're too underconfident to get laid unless they're drunk, can't sit at home because some pussy has ripped an irreparable schism between themselves and their former best friends, can't buy a hooker because they lost out on an Associate Editor position at *Screw* magazine by fucking up the copy-fixing test (apparently they placed number two, though), and find themselves having to wean off the titties owned by Latrobe Brewing and the Wild Turkey distillery because that particular breast milk no longer holds its former appeal in light of the recently discovered knockers on that busty beauty, Hillary Heroin (who, it's been rumored, can be bad news . . .)

At least that's what *this* regular douchebag does.

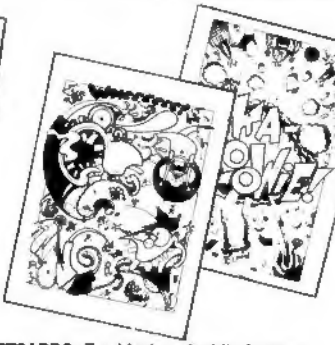
Aren't you jealous?

Selwyn Harris
Brooklyn, NY

DOUBLE-BAGGE ITEMS

GET IT? GET IT? GET IT?

NEAT STUFF #3, #4, #5, and #6: We're going back and reprinting *Neat Stuff* #5 in March 1993, but now #2 is sold out, so you should have ordered it while you had the chance. ($3.00 each.)



POSTCARDS: Ten black-and-white images from *Hate* and *Neat Stuff* that you can mail to your friends, or, if you don't have any friends, keep for yourself. $4.95.

HEY, BUDDY! RUBBER STAMP: Buddy Bradley captured in a diecut 2" x 2 3/4" inch stamp. Sorry, ink pad not included. $7.95.

GIRLY-GIRL CLOISONNE PIN. This full-color 1 1/4" inch pin makes a perfect gift for the Girly-Girl in *your* life. $6.95.

STUPID COMICS: All the NEAT STUFF we couldn't fit in the other books, including Girly-Girl, Goon in the Moon, etc. $11.50

JUNIOR AND OTHER LOSERS: Collects tales of Junior, Chet and Bunny Leeway, as well as the notorious "Reject." $14.50

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"WE ALL SCREAM FOR HEROIN" T-SHIRT: Classic image from *Hate* #8, of Buddy's first meeting with the band, rendered in color. *Much* cooler than any old Nirvana T-shirt. Please specify size: M, L, XL.

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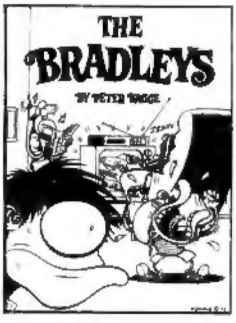

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